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THE MAKING OF A MINISTER*

DEAN CHARLES R. BROWN

When Jesus was twelve years old He stood out for a single moment in the Temple at Jerusalem. He uttered one memorable sentence,—"I must be about my Father's business." He then dropped back into silence. We hear nothing more about Him for years. He went down to Nazareth and was subject to His parents.

When He neared the age of thirty He came again to Nazareth where He had been brought up. He entered into the synagogue on the Sabbath as His custom was, and stood up to read. When He had read the lesson for the day He gave His first public address in that ministry which was to change the whole moral history of the world.

We call those eighteen intervening years between the two appearances "the silent years" because nothing is recorded about them. They were not silent in the sense that He lived such a dreamy, listless, ineffective sort of life that there was nothing in it worth recording. He was an active, vigorous, eager-hearted boy. He was increasing daily in stature, in wisdom, and in favor with God and man. He said a great many things; He did a great many things. He was reaching out in every direction, perpendicularly as well as horizontally, for material and for experiences to feed His unfolding life.

But nothing of all this ever found its way into recorded history. "His mother kept all these things in her heart," the record says. The heart of any mother becomes a marvelous history in itself. It holds many a page of significant event which never finds its

* The address delivered at the opening of the Yale School of Religion, October 5, 1914.

way into print. If any mother should see fit to stand up and declare all she has seen and heard and felt, touching some unfolding life, in all the sense of awe and promise and mystery which that life induced, it would make the finest chapters of Macauley's "England" or Gibbons' "Decline and Fall" seem like dull reading. His mother kept all these things in her heart. They were too sacred, too vital, too wonderful for outward expression.

But what was Jesus doing all that time! You may answer that He was living in that home of gentle piety in Nazareth, an open-eyed and aspiring boy. He was playing with the other boys and girls of Nazareth on the hillsides which rise around the little town. He was working as He grew older in the clean, sweet-smelling, carpenter shop beside Joseph. He was looking up at the stars and down at the flowers. He was listening to the songs of the birds and to the voices of men, and to the still, small voice of God.

I am sure that you are right. He was without doubt doing all those things. But in more fundamental fashion He was doing these three things—He was learning to think; He was learning to speak; He was learning to live.

We can judge of His experiences during those unrecorded years by what followed. When He moved out among men and began to teach and to heal and to save, He showed instantly that He knew how. "His word was with power"—He spoke not as the scribes but as one having the authority of immediate, first-hand knowledge. His touch had healing in it. He was able to open the eyes of the blind and to set cripples on their feet. He showed Himself the Lamb of God, competent to take away the sin of the world. He knew how to think and to speak and to live. In this manifestation of adequacy to the task in hand He showed the results of His training, preparation and discipline during all those eighteen years. And if any man can really learn to think and to speak and to live, it is worth eighteen of the best years of his life.

Let me speak of these three points in order as they bear upon the making of a minister. You are to be *ministers*. The very title of your calling is the highest honor you will ever receive. If you are indeed a minister, one who goes forth habitually and confessedly not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life for the recovery, for the renewal, for the upbuilding of many,

you need ask for no higher privilege, for no more exalted title than just that.

The spirit of service and the habit of ministry are caught and held by many great-souled men in all the legitimate callings there are, but yours is preëminently in the minds and in the speech of men, *the ministry*. It is your business then to make yourselves adequate to the demands of that supreme calling. You will be scoundrels and rascals, every one of you, if you do not set yourselves by hard, serious, manly study, and by high, fine, spiritual discipline, to make yourselves competent. You must learn to think, to speak, and to live.

First of all, during those eighteen years of discipline, Jesus was learning to think. How profoundly and how accurately He had reflected upon those things which are vital! When He began to teach, the people were astonished at his insight. "How knoweth this man these things! Is not this the son of the carpenter?"

He did not seem to be feeling His way. He did not say, "In my judgment the truth may perhaps lie somewhere in this direction." He never wearied the people by a lot of platitudes or idle surmises. He had learned to think and He bravely declared that which He had found to be true.

He did not argue—He proclaimed, He asserted, and when men listened to Him they felt somehow in their souls that it was so. He uttered in ethics and in religion many and many a word which the human race esteems to this hour the final word on the subject. He said, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, they shall be filled." It is the honest desire to be good which makes a man good. He said, "The merciful shall obtain mercy"—kindness is the reaction which kindness secures from God and from men. He said, "The pure in heart shall see God"—not because of some more fortunate location which they enjoy, but because they have something to see Him with. The pure heart is able to behold spiritual reality. He said, "If any man will do His will, he shall know"—the life of trustful obedience brings spiritual insight and the power to discern the everlasting verities. It is right action rather than idle, dreamy contemplation which develops religious knowledge. He said, "He that saves his life loses it." Holding the life apart and aloof for personal enjoyment means that presently there will be no real life

left. The man who loses his life by investing it in devoted service finds it.

The Master learned to think during those eighteen years because He was willing to listen. He did not feel that He knew so much that it would not be worth His while to give attention to anyone else. He never became a Sophomore. He was listening to the great spirits of the past in the literature of his own nation. He was listening to the words of the wisest and best men He could find in His own generation—He liked to be among them, asking and answering questions. He was listening to the voice of God as it certified itself to His own inmost soul.

He was waiting all those years, waiting upon the Lord for the maturing of His strength. He was waiting until His visions could mount up with wings like eagles and take their permanent place in the sky of human aspiration. He was waiting until His principles of action could run from that hour when he uttered them on through the endless years and not grow weary. He was waiting until His power to loose men from their sins could walk in the way of human guilt and not faint.

All this took time. It took eighteen of the best years of his life. But He kept at it until He gained that open vision of divine truth and that sympathetic insight into human nature which enabled Him to say without fear of contradiction—"The words that I speak unto you are spirit and life. I am the Truth. Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

How many men there are, some of them, alas, in places of prominence and leadership, who have never learned to think! They have never seriously tried—they have only learned to look and to talk. They would know more if they said less. They may be able to pronounce the words, "reflection," "meditation," "consideration," but they have never entered into the experiences which those words represent.

They have not learned the value of those silent times, eighteen minutes here, eighteen hours yonder, eighteen days it may be upon occasion, when God speaks and men hear. You will sometimes hear one of these men pray in public. He is loud and voluble and ready as an auctioneer. But the whole impression you gain is that of a man making an address to the Almighty. He does not seem to pause an instant to give the Lord a chance to

reply. He does not seem to be expecting any answer. He is just talking with his eyes shut. No real thought, no deep feeling of awe, no sense of devotion! No men will ever creep up to him and listen and then say when he ceases, "Teach us to pray." He has not learned to pray himself because he has not learned to listen and to think and to feel.

The young people in some of our churches have what they call "the quiet hour." They do not at that time gather in crowds to give or to receive some more new talk. They go each one apart and alone to listen and to think. They listen as those two frightened guilty children in the Garden of Eden listened at nightfall until they heard the voice of the Lord their God walking in the garden in the cool of the day.

Those eighteen silent minutes at the beginning of the day, a kind of "morning watch," how mighty they become! How they shed their strength into the hours of action which lie ahead! Those eighteen months when some serious-minded student is thinking his way through some of the intellectual and religious problems which confront the men to whom he is sent to minister—how they yield light and power for the utterance which comes at the end! Those eighteen years of hard, exacting study when some man is seeking to master, as far as may be, one or two of the social or industrial, or economic problems which await solution at the hands of the best mental and moral forces of the day—how those eighteen years of study enable him at last to utter a word which is with power.

We have been favored in recent years in the magazines and on the lecture platforms, and in the pulpits with a perfect deluge of talk. Much of it has come from men who have never taken the trouble to learn to think. When they undertake to deal with certain vast and intricate problems, they are not in search of principles, they are looking only for panaceas; and many of the panaceas offered for our social ills have been just as cheap, as easily to be had, and as worthless as the panaceas which are sold in the drug stores at fifty cents a bottle.

The only man who has a right to talk, in public at least, is the man who has first learned to think and to think in such a way as to produce something that has worth and validity, something that will have value in putting the world ahead in its own thinking and

action. You are here in this School of Religion, among other things, to learn to think, to think straight, to think clearly and to think to some purpose. It is a prime requisite for the life of the man who is called to minister.

In the second place, Jesus was learning to speak. He knew the Holy Scriptures of his nation from a child. But He had to learn them, a verse at a time. His tongue was trained in their use. His mind was steeped in their content.

When He met the Tempter in the Wilderness at the beginning of His ministry, he had upon His lips words of Holy Writ. "Man shall not live by bread only, but by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God." No wonder He put down evil under His feet! When He hung upon the cross at the close of His ministry, it was the same. "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." In His public teaching He was always quoting from the three greatest books in the Old Testament—Deuteronomy, Isaiah, and the Psalms. There are many books in the Old Testament, but He passed most of them by—He took only the finest of the wheat. He used those words of Scripture with that deep and intimate knowledge of their meaning which comes only from long and familiar acquaintance. He was skilled in the use of the best His own nation had thought and felt and said.

He also made a sympathetic study of human life until He knew what was in man and needed not that any should tell Him. His eyes of insight went right through the outer wrapping—they were like the X-Ray. He saw all the way into the human heart, and all the way through, and all the way down.

He reflected upon the moral implications and the spiritual meanings of farming and fishing, of the work of the shepherd and the work of the housewife, until He could use those familiar forms of life as parables of divine truth. To Him they were all outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual values. His own study of the Word of God uttered through those prophets of the past, and His own study of the needs of men enabled Him to speak that which became in supreme fashion the Word of God to human need.

How his sentences go straight to the mark, swift and true as the flight of so many arrows; "No man can serve two masters." "Where your treasure is there will your heart be." "Seek first

the kingdom of God and his righteousness." "What ye would that men should do to you, do to them." "God is spirit—worship Him in spirit and in truth." "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find." "In my Father's house are many mansions." "Because I live, ye shall."

Monosyllables for the most part! Every word made to count. No loose or superfluous frills! In literary style His sentences are limpid as a mountain brook; in depth of meaning they are fathomless. Twenty centuries of thinking has not enabled us to touch bottom in many of them. He spoke as never man spake.

He could never have done it had it not been for those eighteen years spent in learning the high art of clear, concise, convincing speech. He had been waiting upon the Spirit of Truth who leads the minds of men into all truth and He had been putting his deepest insight, His ripest judgment, His profoundest feeling, into such form that His words would live. His words are spirit and they are life. And he went forth to build by His words a kingdom of thought, of aspiration and of high resolve against which the gates of Hell should not prevail!

How many men you hear who would say more if they talked less! If they were not always so busy saying something, anything, nothing at all, they might upon occasion have something to say. It is impossible to keep the mouth going incessantly without interfering more or less with the action of the brain. Shakespeare could not have done it, nor Plato, nor even Solomon with all his wisdom. Never fancy for a moment because you are glib and ready, practically inexhaustible in your ability to furnish a free flow of talk, never at a loss for a word, that you have learned to speak. When a man talks in that incessant fashion his speech soon ceases to be action,—it becomes mere motion, the motion of the lips, the motion of heated air without meaning or significance. Eighteen years are well spent if a man can gain the strength, the simplicity, and the vitality of genuine speech when the best he has in his own mind and heart really passes out and takes hold of the capacity for nobler effort in the people before him.

Here comes in one of the high offices of the Christian Sabbath for the rank and file of men! Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work and get through a vast amount of that meaningless

and unnecessary talk. The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, a day to listen. In the quiet reverence of the sanctuary and in the long, solemn aisles of Scripture where people walk with bared heads and unshod feet; in the cool, sweet springs of literature, where the mind by its contact with real books is bathed clean after its contact with the hastily written, hastily read, and hastily forgotten newspapers, and in those high hours of companionship with those we hold dear, when all hearts are too full for words—in all these times of special privilege God speaks and men hear. By eighteen minutes of that experience here and by eighteen hours of it farther on, many a man may learn how to speak to the doubts and fears, to the struggles and temptations of some other soul in such fashion that his words, too, will be spirit and life. You are here to learn something of the strength, the simplicity, and the vitality of real speech.

The religion of Christ must have been divine in its origin and in its essence or it never would have stood what it has. Men have belittled it and caricatured it by unwise and by tedious, uninteresting talk about it. They have darkened its counsel by words without knowledge. They have dressed its shining truths in awkward, shabby outworn garments of speech, making it seem a thing repellant. When you stand before an audience of your fellows to deliver the message of the King, you cannot afford to leave out of the account any slightest element that would make for effective speech. Your posture, your facial expression, your tone of voice, your literary style in the phrasing of your truth as well as the content of your thought, all have to do with the determining of this question, Whether God's Word through you will return unto Him void or will accomplish that whereto it is sent?

You can only achieve this result as you go alone ever and anon and work at it incessantly. You must listen for the message from on high, as Moses listened at Sinai, as Isaiah listened in the Temple when he saw the Lord, high and lifted up, sitting on his throne, as Finney of Oberlin listened in the woods until a voice from heaven changed him from a lawyer into a prophet.

The boy Samuel was accustomed to sleep in the Tabernacle like an altar boy in a Roman Catholic church. He was frightened one night by a dream he had and by a voice he heard in the dark. But he had the good sense to lie still and listen. "Speak Lord," he

said, "for thy servant heareth." And he heard that which made his own utterance a message from the Eternal to the heart of Israel. In those quiet, brooding times, eighteen minutes here, eighteen hours further along, eighteen years of manly study and spiritual discipline, men learn how to say that which is worth saying.

And finally, Jesus was learning to live. Here we touch that which was fundamental to all the rest. He could think straight because He had lived straight. His word was with power because His life was strong and true. His life conditioned and supported His thought. His life found immediate expression in His speech. His words came not from His lips alone, but from those deeper levels of being where He had resisted temptation, faced doubts, borne His burdens and met His obligations without flinching. What He was spoke—that was the secret of His power. The only message which really helps is the message which manifests the man. He spent eighteen years learning to live a life that would be the light of men.

He was learning to live a life so divine that men everywhere would call Him "the Son of God." He was learning to live a life so human in all its manifestations that men everywhere would call Him "the Son of Man," the heir of all that is truly human, the perfect the typal, the representative Man.

He wore no halo—the artists have painted Him so, but the writers of the New Testament never speak of a halo because they were honest men and there was no halo there. He affected no holy tone—the common people heard Him gladly because He was real. He never separated Himself in any wise from the daily round—He went about eating and drinking, oftentimes with publicans and sinners, because, as He said, they needed Him most, even as the sick need a physician more than the whole.

He was simple and natural as a child with the children and they went to Him readily, claiming Him as their own. He bore sympathetically the heat and burden of many a hard day with those who were mature, and they knew that He understood and cared. He took up into His reverent, delicate interest the infirmities of the aged with all the dignity and the pathos of their many years. He left them praying that now they might depart in peace since their eyes had seen His salvation. He learned to live that life which is

full and fine and glad—He was able therefore to become the Saviour of all those who put their trust in Him.

In this hurried, strenuous age of ours, I wonder sometimes if we are not in danger of forgetting how to live. What is it all for? We are out of breath half the time, running to get somewhere else! What will we be able to do or to say or to be when we get there? To what purpose is all this motion, not to say commotion?

Turn back and read your Church History! You will find periods when thoughtful men and women sat for hours, sometimes for days, in caves and cloisters, in their churches or in their homes, listening for the voice of God. They listened until they heard—and He spoke peace to their hearts. Travel now in the Orient and you will see men sitting as motionless as if they were carved from stone, looking into space to see the face of God. They finally see Him and are ofttimes changed into the same image. It is not a mood or an attitude to be taken and held permanently—that would make the life barren—but as a preparation and discipline for the action which follows, those periods of waiting upon the source of all strength for the renewal of our own strength have unspeakable worth.

The Master felt this necessity in dealing with His disciples. There was a day when all the people who followed were on their tiptoes. They were all busy discussing what He had done and what He had said last. They were eager to see what He would do next. They had no time to think, or to feel, or to live—they could only move about in restless fashion and talk.

Suddenly He said to the Twelve "Make the men sit down." He wanted to feed them. They needed it. They were becoming weak and thin and empty by this constant outgo with no corresponding intake. He blessed the five loaves and broke them and gave them to the people. He imparted to them also His own faith and hope and love, so that as He said, they were eating the flesh and drinking the blood of the Son of Man. And in that high hour when they were receiving nutriment which would enable them to live the life He urged upon them, some of them whispered "Lord, evermore give us this bread."

You have come here to sit down for months together and be fed. You are to sit at the feet of the Library yonder where the wisest men of all times and of all lands are waiting to have a word with

you. You are to sit at the feet of men who have spent years of hard work that they might have something to teach you. You have come to sit at the feet of all those influences which a great University can offer you for the enrichment, the ennobling, and the maturing of your own personality.

If you do not learn to live the life of Christian devotion here and learn to live it better, and ever better as the months come and go, I am not sure that you will be able to really live that life anywhere. In the high, fine respect you show for sacred things just because they are sacred, in the genuine regard you have for human personality in the lives of those about you just because they are human, in the steadfastness and genuineness of your own prayer-life, which no one knows save you and your Lord, you are here to learn to live. And if you can really learn to live, your power to think, and your power to speak will be multiplied by ten.

You will all remember that those years of preparation and discipline in the life of Jesus did not fall in the period when He was an old man waiting for the sunset gun, nor did they come in middle life. Those eighteen years of quiet devotion and preparation came between the years of twelve and thirty. The active, eager, abounding years in any man's life! And the thirty years of which we know so little found expression in the three years of active ministry of which the world knows so much.

No wonder the three years were mighty when you think of the thirty years which lay behind them. Ten years of silence for one of speech! Ten years of preparation for one of action! Ten years of thought and prayer for one of public service! And that is about the correct proportion for each one of us. For every hour of public address you need at least ten, when you are learning how to think, and how to speak, and how to live, that your thought and speech may have worth.

The situation which confronts you yonder offers a mighty challenge to the best powers you can bring upon the field. The work of missions demands Christian statesmen. The problems of the industrial world demand men who deal not in panaceas, but in principles well-grounded in fact and reason and justice. The yearnings and longings of the individual soul for peace and for power demand the competent guidance of men who have studied

the psychology of religious experience, who know how spiritual reactions are best secured. The whole changed attitude regarding the question of religious authority calls for men who have thorough, accurate, first-hand knowledge of spiritual reality.

It is a gigantic task which awaits you. If you are not conscious of your own limitations in the presence of it, then the unhappy congregations to which you may minister will be exceedingly conscious of them for you. You can only hope to furnish that troubled, puzzled world with competent, spiritual leadership as you bring to bear upon its needs all your best powers trained to their best by long and thorough preparation. If you would show yourselves approved unto God, workmen that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing and rightly applying the Word of Truth, then you must here and now learn to think, and to speak, and to live, in the highest manner within your reach.

OUR FELLOW'S EXPERIENCE OF THE WAR.

112 BRUNTSFIELD PLACE, EDINBURGH.

When I tell you that to-day (October 23) for the first time since leaving home (July 20) can I boast the consciousness of an unpacked trunk, you can realize how nomadic has been my existence in and around the theater of war, and also, though this is no good excuse, why so little has been heard from me. A short review of my roamings during these past three months, whose contents would seem to justify them in passing as three years, is perhaps in order.

After spending the 20th in New Haven, I joined Mr. W. M. Whitelaw, the fellowship man from Union, in New York, and about midnight we boarded the ill-fatel "Schnelldampfer," Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. It was like a vestibule to Germany, a seven-day introduction to the Fatherland. The purser seemed the only official on board who assumed any knowledge of English, and there was use from the first for even our limping "High School Dutch."

One of the interesting persons aboard was the son of Prof. Karl Budde, of Marburg, who was getting some practical engineering on the steamer's trip to the States and back. He was then going home for a year's military service. My comments would probably be yours. While in Marburg the report came that he had fallen.

So Teutonic was the ship's company that the little service, which we held in the dining room on Sunday evening, was disturbed at several junctures by demand for "Deutsch," which, it happened, that none of the conductors could, without introducting the comic, essay.

Bremen was reached at noon, the 28th. Several Paris editions of the

N. Y. *Herald* had slipped abroad at Cherbourg with reports of an imminent Austro-Servian war. But war in the Balkans was hardly a historical novelty, and even the Hearstian suggestion of certain German newspapers and the inimitable German shoulder-shrugging we put down as items of universal popular jingoism. Moreover, first impressions, interests and even thrills came in such rapid succession upon our first touch with the old, old world, that there was little room for premonitions. Whitelaw and I railed to Köln from which at 1:00 A. M. the next day we sailed as the sole passengers of a little Rhine steamer for Mainz. The captain, his interest aroused by the presence of passengers other than plow-shares and nail-kegs, proved far more profitable than Baedeiker, and between his efforts to intimate a dire day approaching, pointed out mang a crag and valley with their associated tales. Raptures never look well on paper, so I will only say that often since have I shuddered at the thought of such a valley a prey to Mars. On the last day of the last month of peace we touched old Heidelberg, whose beauties and oddities we had scarcely tasted when the rumblings began in earnest, and every shop-keeper intimated that the expected was coming. On Saturday afternoon we went up to the castle. Whitelaw, a British subject from Toronto, heard part of the burden of a conversation between a guard and a frightened English tourist, and his interest in the castle departed, quickly followed by the rest of him. I remained most of the P. M., yet blissfully obsessed by the idea that this was one of the periodical newspaper crises set off by a deal of popular bluster. My descent into the town about five o'clock marked the first stage in my disillusionment. From a balcony along the main street a paper was being read and was greeted at the end by a hugh roar and a wild waving of head-gear. Wilhelm der Zweite had ordered the mobilization of his army. That night in Heidelberg is not soon to be forgotten, a cross in some respects between a Chinese New Year and election night in the States As it used to be. Even the women's faces, though with red-circled eyes, beamed with a fierce joy as the squads of militär tramped and sang through the streets. The test was coming.

Four other American fellows, all missionaries from the Mediterranean, were at the Hospiz that night, and together we figured over the fact that if we wanted to go anywhere in particular, it was within the next twelve hours or after three or four weeks of mobilization. Whitelaw contracted a sudden fondness for the British Isles. I was less ambitious. My trunk was at Marburg. The rest were undecided. Early the next morning I managed to get room for my two suitcases, one foot and one hand on the outer platform of a train that was jammed full of frenzied aliens. The Frankfurt am Main Hauptbahnhof was the sight of an era. Through and over a mountain range of trunks, boxes and bags, went the stampeding host. It was some relief to get off the beaten track, and, aside from the painful extraction of an aged couple of Russian-Jews from my compartment, the trip to Marburg was uneventful.

In that little university town there were some seventy Yankees, all asking the same questions of their hosts, all bombarding the poor consuls

with like inquiries. The consulates were overwhelmed and dumb. The consensus of German advice was "Bleiben Sie ruhig," and more or less ruhig, wir blieben.

Three weeks and a half stretched out my stay in Marburg. Excitement subsided but if anything patriotism intensified. "Einigkeit" and "Begeisterung" were the keywords of the hour and, I fancy, are yet. It was a privilege I would not have missed to have seen Germany at just that time. The noblest qualities of the people came into view. Distinctions of rank, class, religion seemed to melt in a moment. Everyone who could do anything for the great and common cause rushed to do it; the university professor's gray beard appeared at the Bahnhof and the Auskunft-Bureau. The six year old girl happily plied her big needles to knit some article for future warmth. Britain, even since I landed, has been gradually, steadily rousing herself. The alarm clock seems to have gone off promptly by every German hearth. For days the streets of Marburg were filled with squads of men, coming in from the Hessian back-woods, with their few belongings in paper boxes, many of them leading what must have been the pick of their stables, and that at mid-harvest. Down on the straw beds in the "Kaserne" lay peasant and pedant side by side, and by five in the morning they would be marching through the town out into the fields with songs one doesn't hear elsewhere. To sum up in a favorite phrase of their own, the whole thing struck one as "ganz kolossal" and we Americans, newcomers and long residents alike, got much of the fever. I "anmeldete" myself for whatever service (non-military of course) I might be qualified for, but so flooded were they with volunteers for this and that work that an Ausländer hadn't much chance. They didn't think it wise or safe for me with such foreign accent to join the peasants at harvesting, whom they said were very "misstraulich," and the promise of some Red Cross assistance work at the railroad never materialized. So I settled down at the language and spent most of the afternoons on the castle heights, reading Herrmann and Heitmüller, and musing as to the appearance and movements of M. Luther, M. Zwingli *et al.* as they climbed the hill to attend or engage in the famous Colloquy of 1529, and enjoy the menu of Phillip the Magnanimous. After the first day or two of August foreigners were not even subject to inconvenience, other than an occasional demand for the flourishing of passports, and in the case of several Russians, a Jap, a French professor and one obstreperous Englishman of detention in quarters at the city almshouse. With this one exception the British subjects wandered at will.

Americans, in particular, as you may well suppose, enjoyed the cordiality of the citizens; but it was necessary to prove oneself such; for things alien, including languages and accents, were not especially popular.

Professors Budde, Rade, Jülicher, Bornhäuser and Heitmüller were most genial in their reception, when I called, and helped me in various ways during my stay there. Mr. Bornhausen left for his post at the front even before I arrived in the town. He is a Lieutenant of Reserves. I hope I may say that he *is*. The great majority of the students literally

sprang from their desks to arms. Several of the closing lectures were virtually exhortations and "God-speeds" for the mighty enterprise. I attended a mass-meeting of the students in the Aula, August 3rd. Almost all were "freiwilligers." One poor fellow, who ate his dinners at our pension, was rejected three times on account of weak lungs, and it seemed nearly to crush him to earth each time.

The influence on the religious life illustrates the old truism that men seek God most when they feel they need Him most. The churches in Marburg were jammed, and people, who had been there for quite a while before the war, testified that the transformation was most phenomenal, from the cold, dry and dreary formalism to the intense and ardent earnestness of war; from a mere scattering of elderly ladies to crowds in which uniforms were frequent and, if anything, the men did the outnumbering. I never expect to hear anything of its kind that will equal the singing of "Ein feste Burg" in the venerable Elizabethskirche on the special day of intercession at the war's beginning.

There is a "Kaserne" at Marburg, and several batallions were stationed there, to say nothing of the men (freiwilligers) in training. Few were the minutes during the day when one's tympanum was not assaulted by the wooden thud of military boots in pairs or hundreds of pairs. And as far as my experience carried, the men who trudged within and over them were pretty sturdy, decent fellows. Beer only flowed for one hour a day and this fact probably helped them make a better impression. I did not notice one German soldier, whose actions were in any way perceptibly modified by the spirits of the foam.

I left Marburg August 28th, with everything save a heavy suit-case full of German books, post-cards, etc.

You can't imagine how interested we were in hearing the other side of the story, after having lived upon 4-page German newspapers for a month. This alone seemed worth coming to Holland for.

I wanted to see England in war-heat and paint and I thought, moreover, that I might get over there before the Porters abandoned the isles and thus obtain counsel from headquarters. I had written the Dean and Professor Macintosh from Marburg, but neither of the missives likely succeeded in threading their way through. You can imagine that the sight of Professor and Mrs. Torrey in Leyden was quite a welcome one.

We landed at Folkestone September 4th and spent ten or eleven days in old London. The Newtons are at Leytonstone, Essex. They told me weird tales of the fate of a certain automobile party which had just reached northern France when the cloudburst came. To be sure the burly chauffeur was still dashing around England with (and this will confirm your surmise as to his identity) a tonneau loaded with ladies. He discreetly managed to dodge me successfully.

In regard to my trip through England via Oxford, Stratford, Chester, and the Lakes, I will not venture to add another to the numberless tourists' apostrophes which such journeys are sure to elicit. Of more special interest now would be, I imagine, one's impression as to England's

progressive realization of "what she is up against." Some observer earlier in the fall remarked that up to that time the war business in Britain was "in the picnic stage." That was just exactly it. The efforts to dig out recruits in London seemed most strained and painful in comparison with the one great welling billow of men which started to rise almost before the Kaiser had spoken. Yet while many Britons expressed themselves surprised that Germany has held out so well, I have been astounded that with all her preparation and equipment and moral impetus of the opening days she did not get further. But perhaps the Muscovite has that to answer for.

I am beginning what seems a most promising year's work in New College and in the University of Edinburgh, finding ever additional causes for rejoicing that I have been at Yale and that I yet enjoy the privilege of enlistment under her banners, even though a rough sea rolls between.

With kindest regards and best wishes to the Yale School of Religion in general, faculty and students, I remain,

Most respectfully yours,

DAVID DUNN.

October 23, 1914.

THE NEW SEMESTER.

The future of the Yale School of Religion has never looked brighter than at the opening of the School this fall. We have the largest number of new men (67) that we have had for ten or fifteen years. Owing to the fact that we lost an unusually large number of men by graduation, illness, etc., the net gain is not very great. It is very encouraging, however, to note that the gain is entirely in the three undergraduate classes and that the Junior Class is the largest since the year 1902-03. The enrollments for last year and this year are as follows:

	1913-14	1914-15
Graduate Class	17	20
Senior Class	32	34
Middle Class	24	20
Junior Class	17	27
Special students	13	9
Total	103	110

The distribution of the denominations represented in the School remains about the same as last year with the exception of a de-

cided increase in the number of Congregationalists and a slight decrease in the number of Disciples. The registration is as follows:

Congregationalists	30
Methodists	21
Disciples	19
Presbyterians	13
Baptists	9
Other denominations	18
	110

Many of our students are supporting themselves during their course of study here. The following figures for this year show what is being done along this line. Forty-nine men have regular positions as pastors of churches, Y. M. C. A. Secretaries, Directors of Religious Education, etc. Twenty-eight of these men have secured their positions through the aid of the Director of Religious Work, fifteen having been settled since the first of last August. In addition to this from five to seventeen men have been sent out to preach every Sunday since the opening of the term. The co-operation of the Congregational Home Missionary Society and of the students with the Director of Religious Work has made this possible.

The members of the School of Religion are very happy in the addition to their Faculty of Prof. Henry B. Wright as Stephen Merrell Clement Professor of Christian Methods. Prof. Wright comes to us from the Academic Department, where he has been in close and helpful touch with undergraduate life. His wide experience in Y. M. C. A. and rural work will be a great factor in the growth of the Department of Religious Education.

We also have with us for the year Dean Luther A. Weigle of Carleton College, who is giving two inspiring courses on Religious Education. He and Prof. Sneath are gathering together a library of Religious Pedagogy which is placed in one of the rooms of the Day Library. They have already received as gifts from various publishing houses about 125 books and are expecting to have quite a complete library on Religious Education within a few months.

This year Prof. Bailey is devoting all his time to the School of Religion, having severed his relations with the Academic De-

partment. He is having installed in the Lowell Mason Room a library of Social Service. This has been made possible by the generosity of Mr. Hoffman, who has presented the library to the School through the Prudential Life Insurance Company. The library of Church Music has been removed from the Lowell Mason Room and new shelves have been built around two sides of the room for the accommodation of the new books.

At the last meeting of the Corporation Dr. George Dahl was promoted to an Assistant Professorship in Old Testament Literature.

The School of Religion has been very fortunate during this last year in having secured over $350,000 in gifts. Of this sum $100,000 has been used to establish a Chair of Missions (Prof. Beach's chair), $100,000 for the Gilbert L. Stark Chair of Social Service and $80,00 for the new Chair of Christian Methods occupied by Prof. Wright. It is very much hoped that the Alumni Endowment Fund (for the endowment of Dean Brown's chair) may be greatly increased during the coming year. Up to the last of June, 1914, $541.17 had been paid in while considerably more had been promised.

The School has opened with a splendid spirit of enthusiasm on the part of both Faculty and students. The new men have taken hold of things with vigor. Dean Brown's opening address made a profound impression on all; the picnic promoted the feeling of good fellowship as never before and everyone feels that we are entering upon one of the best years of the Yale School of Religion.

ELIZABETH E. CURTIS.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Beginnings of the Church. By Ernest F. Scott, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1914. Pp. 279. 12 mo. $1.50 net.

Union Seminary made an excellent choice for its Ely Lecturer in 1914. Professor Scott, now of Kingston, Can., was very favorably known for his works on New Testament criticism and

interpretation while still in England, particularly his two books on the Fourth Gospel, and his Apologetics in the New Testament. The present volume will confirm our good opinion.

Professor Scott writes with the careful accuracy of the scholar, and the modest and eirenic spirit of the Christian gentleman. The obscure period of the beginnings of Christianity between the death of Jesus and the earliest letters of Paul has drawn to itself the most searching enquiry of the modern historians of religion. It calls for just such qualities of mind and temper as Professor Scott displays. The book is untechnical in form, scientific in method and reverent in spirit, an excellent guide for the layman and help for the scholar.

B. W. Bacon.

The Evolution of Early Christianity; a genetic study of first century Christianity in relation to its religious environment. By Shirley Jackson Case. University of Chicago Press, 1914. Pp. 385, 12 mo.

Professor Case employs the method of the Religious-geschichtliche Schule. His careful and exact habits of statement are well shown in an earlier volume on *The Historic Jesus*, wherein they stand in the contrast to be expected of the historical critic with those of his opponents of the school of Idealistic Monism.

As compared with Professor Scott's *Beginnings of the Church* we have here a view of the environment, whereas Professor Scott describes the inherent vital forces of the new growth. The two little volumes form an excellent pair, mutually complementary, but each in its own way interpreting the problem of the beginnings of Christianity to the intelligent lay mind.

Professor Case is particularly to be commended for his clear and logical analysis of the subject. A glance at the Table of Contents reveals the progressive march of a strong and steady mind without vacillation because confident in the sure guidance of the Spirit of Truth.

B. W. Bacon.

Can We Still be Christians? By Rudolf Eucken. Translated by Lucy Page Gibson. The MacMillan Company, New York, 1914. Pp. ix+218.

This little volume is probably the best of Euckens's works for the general reader. It is remarkable for its broad sympathy, its spiritual fervor, and its prophetic insight. It gives in smaller compass and in a much more readable form the gist of the author's great work on *The Truth of Religion*, and turns the whole discussion in the direction of an affirmative answer to the question which stands as the title of the book.

But while holding that we can and must remain Christians, Eucken is of the opinion that the Christianity which is destined to hold the future is not the Christianity of the churches, either Catholic or Protestant. A radical reform is needed, he claims, in order to release from the trammels of ecclesiasticism the pure religion of the spiritual life, which is the vital essence of historic Christianity.

D. C. MACINTOSH.

Christianity—Old and New. By Benjamin W. Bacon. Yale University Press. New Haven, 1914. Pp. xiv+169. $1.00.

This stimulating little book is made up of three lectures delivered on the Earl Foundation at Berkeley, California, in 1911, and a supplementary essay. Taking up the terms employed by Harnack, "the gospel *of* Jesus" and "the gospel *about* Jesus," Professor Bacon claims that in essential Christianity we have not the one or the other, simply, but the gospel about Jesus in which the gospel of Jesus is included. That is to say, while we have in the gospel of Judaism prophetic Judaism at its best, with its gospel of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, in the gospel about Jesus we have the greatest of those mystical religions of personal redemption which appeared so numerously in the Graeco-Roman world about the beginning of our era. Its superiority and its final triumph over the others were due chiefly to the identification of the divine Redeemer with the historic Jesus, by which the way was opened up for the inclusion of the prophetic message of Jesus in its gospel. In very interesting fashion the author criticizes on the one hand "nineteenth century liberalism" as having simply retained the gospel of Jesus without the gospel about Jesus, and on the other hand the "twentieth century mythical idealism" of Drews and others, which claims

that one may feel free to dispense with the historicity of Jesus altogether, if only he retains the universal essence of the gospel about Jesus, viz: the mystical experience of personal redemption.

The supplementary essay, entitled "Old and New in the Characterization of Jesus," is one for which every critically-minded Christian may well be grateful. Taking as his sources of historical information the letters of Paul, the Gospel of Mark, and the non-Marcan source which was used by both Matthew and Luke and which is commonly designated Q, Professor Bacon finds the portrait of Jesus in each of them already conventionalized. "Each is theoretic, because each is maintained in the interest of an identification of Jesus with one of the existing conceptions of Messiah and his work." Paul habitually thinks of Christ as exalted Lord, but he gives us the picture of one who, during his earthly life, was, through his voluntary self-humiliation, in the guise of a suffering 'Servant.' In Mark the portrait is strikingly different; it is that of the strong and virile 'Son of God.' In Q the picture is that of the 'Servant' again, but especially as an incarnation of the divine spirit of 'Wisdom.' But, while different, the portraits are not incompatible with one another. "The titles, and the conceptions for which they stand, would not have been applied to Jesus, or if applied would not have met the acceptance necessary to their survival, if they had not been felt to be appropriate. And the application was so early that those who made and those who accepted it could know by authentic report, if not from personal experience, to what degree the titles and ascriptions were in keeping with the life. In short, primitive Christianity . . . is the luminous haze through which the critic's eye must penetrate for outlines of the historic Jesus."

This inexpensive little book will prove worth many times its cost to every thoughtful minister, and ought to run through several editions.

D. C. Macintosh.

The Romance of Preaching. By Charles Sylvester Horne. The Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 302. $1.25 net.

If one were asked to name the ten volumes issued during the last twelve months which would be of greatest inspirational value

to the preacher, these Lyman Beecher Lectures by one of the greatest of England's religious leaders would stand high on the list. No minister can read them without being thrilled by the glory and romance of his calling. The sweep and depth of this warm gulf stream of passionate joy in the minister's life and work will bear away and melt the icebergs of indifference and discouragement and professionalism, fashioned in the frosty air and barrenness of dull, dead, frozen parishes, and cause the shores of some lives, otherwise buried under glaciers, to blossom like the rose. It is difficult to see how any close-fisted sectarian bigot can listen to the message without becoming a broader-minded Christian brother. Their exquisite literary craftmanship should rouse many a slovenly scribbler to the dignity and earnestness of the sermon-writer's business as one who is fittingly and effectively to reincarnate in letter as in life the eternal and ever new Word. Spiritual insight, ethical passion, prophetic power cause even the reader, who never came under the spell and magnetism of the man, to glow with kindled enthusiasm; for the printed page has caught something of the fire of the orator and reflects the light that shone through all that he said and did. Seldom if ever since the days of Beecher and Brooks and Burton have those who attended the Lyman Beecher lectures been so spellbound by the art as well as by the message of the speaker. The volume makes a genuine and unique contribution to this, the greatest series of lectures on preaching in the world.

No summary of the contents is needed as the outlines of the lectures were published in the May issue. A brief biographical sketch by Rev. Howard A. Bridgman, of "The Congregationalist," adds to the value of the volume. The introduction is an appreciation by Dean Brown.

HENRY HALLAM TWEEDY.

Modern Theology and the Preaching of the Gospel. By Prof. William Adams Brown. Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. 274. $1.25 net.

For a long time conservative Christians have been watching with interest the religious results of the New Theology. For the test was not only scholastic but pragmatic. Would these modern

interpretations of the religious experience of God, the Bible, the atonement and similar spiritual realities develop the stalwart Christian character of our fathers? Would they actually save from sin, control motives, inspire preachers as did the theological thought which they either modified or displaced?

In this volume—a series of popular theological lectures delivered before various bodies and printed last year in the columns of the *Biblical World*—Professor Brown answers these queries with an enthusiastic affirmative. After an illuminating chapter on the contributions of modern theology to the equipment of the preacher, he discusses three fundamental themes; the source of religious faith—"The Bible, What It Is and How To Use It;" the object of religious faith—"The God of the Christian;" and the effect of religious faith—"From What and To What Are We Saved?" These lead naturally to a presentation of the conception of Jesus, which has been fundamental in all three, discussed in the fifth lecture on the "Deity of Christ in the Light of Modern Thought." The last lecture "The Church, Its Present Opportunity and Duty," deals with the practical work which the author has had in mind from the first.

For ministers trained in such schools as Union and Yale the book will form simply a useful compendium of familiar truths. For others whose theological education has lead them to view the new school of thought with suspicion and fear if not with downright antagonism, the series should be illuminating and reassuring. It is written in an eirenic spirit. The breadth of sympathy, the grace not only to speak truth but to speak it in love, the reverent appreciation of all that is old coupled with whole-hearted and well-grounded commitment to the certainties of the new, make the work one of helpful interpretation and of brotherly mediation. The volume deserves a wide circulation, and will be especially helpful to the perplexed layman, who wishes to know in outline the teachings and spirit of some of the theological and religious leaders in the church today.

Henry Hallam Tweedy.

The Prophet and His Problems. By J. M. Powis Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1914. Pp. 244. $1.25 net.

A little book—it is not more than forty thousand words—on a great subject, upon which great books have been written, requires justification. It is not likely to be warmly welcomed by those who have watched books come and go for a number of years. This one is made up of eight chapters—three of them reprints of magazine articles—on Prophets in the Semitic World, Primitive Hebrew Prophets, False Prophets, Prophetic Prediction, A Prophet's Marriage, The Phophet and the State. The Prophet and the Individual, The Prophet's Religion. They form, the author tells us, "a few illustrative sections of the story of prophecy." Professor Smith's competence as an expounder of prophecy is abundantly proved by his commentaries on Micah, Zephaniah, Nahum and Malachi in the International Critical Commentary; and these brief essays contain a great deal of reliable information and well-considered opinion. The greatest thing in Old Testament prophecy is the prophet himself, his distinct and powerful personality; and next to this, and very close to it, the wonder of his language, the passion, the beauty, the imagination, in a word the spirit, of this literature. A book that does not bring us into the living presence, one by one, of these mighty persons, and does not awaken in us a new emotional response to their mighty utterance, cannot be called a great book on prophecy. A good and instructive book it certainly is. I like least the discussion of Hosea's marriage. The view that Hosea married a known adulteress at God's command fails, I think, in application of the passion with which this book is filled, and the newness of the discovery that love in man and in God can survive disloyalty, can persist toward the unworthy, and can in the end conquer, and create love in the unloving. The discussions of non-Hebraic prophecies and of the prophet and the individual are especially useful as correcting current misunderstandings.

FRANK C. PORTER.

Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled: A Narrative of Winter Travel in Interior Alaska. By Hudson Stuck, Archdeacon of the Yukon. Pp. xiii+420, and 59 illustrations, together with a map of interior Alaska. Charles Scribner, 1914.

The travel-narrative that deals with the trivialities of field work still makes its almost monthly appearance, but the public interest in it is as shallow as the tale. On the contrary, travel books with a *message* have come to stay. We expect a man to see and record but he must also be able to interpret if his story is to be worth the expense of publication. Archdeacon Stuck is an interpreter. Though the geographer may find somewhat the same facts in other books, he will find no less than fifty pages that contain new scientific material or new interpretations of permanent value. Moreover, there is no other book dealing with the Northland that is so admirably written; and but one other (Stefansson's "My Life with the Eskimo") that is equally absorbing throughout. In the fellowship of explorers there will be a warm welcome for further accounts by Mr. Stuck of long and bitter nights on lonely starlit trails, of the amiable natives (on whom the rare spirit of this preacher-traveler must make a profound impression), of wearisome problems of forage and shelter in a snowbound wilderness, and of new observations on natural phenomena. Alaska is an enormously varied territory in which this keen observer may long find abundant opportunity for the exercise of his unusual descriptive powers.

Isaiah Bowman.

The Use of Leisure. By Temple Scott. B. W. Huebsch, New York, 1913. Pp. 118.

The main argument of this book seems to be that we have two classes in this country, the idle rich and the laboring poor. The former have sufficient leisure but have lost the power properly to use it. The laboring poor lack the leisure for a well rounded life. The first problem, then, is to obtain a shorter working day for the laborers. What shall be done with the leisure time which will then be theirs? Let the author answer it in his own words. "If we ask now what we shall do with leisure, I answer: Sow hopes in it; grow ideas of beautiful things to be done by us in our hours of work; dream dreams of joyful homes for us to establish in our waking days of freedom; plan living methods for schoolmasters and educators of the young; plant playgrounds in the centers of our cities so that we may play there with the children, and only with children, and so keep young; wander by rippling brooks and

under blue skies over 'grassy vested greens,' that we may learn to love nature and feel her response."

The reader who searches this book for many definite hints for the use of leisure time is doomed to disappointment. Though it makes interesting reading it fails to yield a sense of satisfaction. It does not seem to get anywhere.

WM. B. BAILEY.

The City Church and its Social Mission. By A. M. Trawick. Association Press, New York, 1913. Pp. 166.

This is one of the best books which has yet appeared upon the social extension of the city church. It contains six chapters dealing with the city church in its relation to family life, public care of children, the problem of charity, the labor problem, social vice, and co-operation with other religious agencies. The book is well arranged for a course of study in a men's club or women's club. Each study is taken up in a straightforward manner giving the latest available data upon the subject investigated. At the close of each chapter is a well selected bibliography of about a dozen books and a set of questions. Some of these questions can be answered from the material in the chapter but others would require outside reading. If a group of men or women would set themselves the problem of determining what their particular church can do for the city by co-operating with the various existing agencies, this might well be used as a text. A person who is able to answer the questions at the end of each chapter knows more about local conditions than the average citizen in the community. Ministers would do well to become acquainted with this book and its contents.

WM. B. BAILEY.

University Sermons. By Henry Sloane Coffin. Yale University Press. Pp. 256. $1.50 net.

Among the university preachers of the country Henry Sloane Coffin has come to hold a pre-eminent place. In point of popularity he is unquestionably in the first rank; and this estimate of the undergraduate world is based upon sound judgment. An attractive personality, flame-like in its quality and unusually "capable of transmission;" a mind broad in its culture, fine and keen in its preception; a type of thought frankly liberal but intensely

loyal to the evangel of Jesus; a clear insight into and sympathetic appreciation of student doubts, problems and ideals; a delivery that is simple and genuine, and yet masterful in its prophetic passion—all this and more the student world has found in the minister of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City. It is no wonder that the publication of these fifteen sermons has been urged upon the preacher, who is playing such a large role in interpreting vital Christianity to the modern mind and in bringing its message to bear powerfully upon the coming generation in the east.

On opening the volume one is struck by the bigness of the themes. Here are no fascinating trifles, no curious texts, no sensational topics. "Three Stages in Religious Experience," "The Finality of Jesus," "The Christian Thought of God," "The Claims of the Church"—these and similar subjects he has chosen to present to minds often indifferent if not hostile to theology and restless when the preacher exceeds the twenty minute limit. But in every instance the simplicity and vitality of his thought make it unescapable, and the clarity, beauty and power of his style drive the truths home.

It is a delight to trace the preacher through his wide and well-digested reading. Augustine and George Eliot, Newman and Whittier, Latimer and Sidney Lanier jostle one another upon his pages, not in vacuous quotation but in genuine spiritual power. The paragraphs often flash with suggested themes and teem with undeveloped sermons. Illustrations are everywhere, rich in variety, luminous in quality, real windows which let in floods of light.

The man who is weary of platitudes and out of patience with the pulpit is cordially commended to try this volume instead of his voluminous Sunday morning journal. The chances are that he will close it with a stimulated mind, a cleansed and hungry heart, and a something calling him once more to worship with his fellows, to learn the will of God for himself, and to render a larger and nobler service. The following Sunday we venture to predict that he will desert his arm chair for the pew.

Henry Hallam Tweedy.

A NEW BOOK BY PROFESSOR BRASTOW.

The former pupils of Professor Brastow will be glad to know that the volume which he left in manuscript at his death, *The Work of the Preacher: a Study of Homiletic Principles and Methods,* has now appeared in print. The Pilgrim Press issue it in an attractive volume of 434 pages, at $2.00 net. The book is not a mere reprint of lectures, but is a fresh product of the ripe experience of a master teacher. It has all the well-known qualities of his mind and heart. My own experience is that one cannot open the book anywhere without being caught by striking phrases, and led on into a penetrating and stimulating discussion of some vital problem of the preacher's calling. It is certainly a book that every one who studied under its author will need and will want. Since I am writing here for our Yale family circle it will not be out of place to say that the publication of the book was undertaken by Mrs. Brastow without the help which the faculty and many of the graduates of the School were ready to give; and this constitutes a further reason—though the book itself is a quite sufficient reason—why all of his pupils and friends should possess themselves of it, and should make its value known to others.

Frank C. Porter.

Yale Divinity Quarterly

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It is just ten years ago last May that the first number of the Quarterly was issued. The circular sent to the alumni and the students had met with a prompt and loyal response, and men like Dr. Munger welcomed the magazine enthusiastically as meeting a real need in the life of the School. It was to be the official organ of communication between the faculty and students and the alumni, keeping the graduates in touch with each other and bringing to them some of the best of the addresses, together with book reviews of works of especial interest to ministers and the news budget from Yale. For the students the magazine was also valuable, playing the large role that has demonstrated the worth of such publications, and making a permanent record of the main events of their seminary years. Whether there lay in the minds of its promoters the thought that from this very modest beginning should grow a journal comparable with such magazines as the *American Journal of Theology* or the *Harvard Theological Review* is very doubtful. The Quarterly, however, proved to be something more than a mere news sheet and was quasi-scholarly in character. The first number contained articles by

Professor George B. Stevens on the origin of sin and by the Rev. Charles A. Dinsmore on the expiatory element in the atonement; and similar articles and addresses have appeared in nearly every issue down to recent years.

It has been increasingly felt both by the Faculty and by the Editors that this rather half-hearted attempt to maintain a twofold policy was unwise and unnecessary. The QUARTERLY was in danger of becoming neither a dignified and worthy representative of the School's scholarship nor a good news sheet. Placed on the library tables in hundreds of institutions it gave an unfortunate impression of the University; and while no comparison with the larger quarterlies and reviews was invited, such a comparison was almost certain to be made. At a recent meeting of the Board with a Committee from the Faculty it was voted that hereafter the QUARTERLY should be simply and solely a School paper. There should be no attempt to emulate in a small way the work already admirably done by the larger magazines. The four numbers published in the course of the year are to be the expressions of the School life. The aim is that which inspired its founders: to keep a warm life-current flowing between the School and its alumni, upon whom its future success will so largely depend; to maintain their old friendships and to build up new ones; to inform them of the School's recent rapid development and splendid prospects, and to point out ways in which they may be practically helpful; to bring to them messages brimming over with the life that some are in danger of forgetting, and thus to maintain the spirit of brotherhood and of active co-operation that has ever characterized the lives of those who go out from Yale. In the life of the students the value of such a publication needs no discussion. It will be a voice, a teacher, a history, a newspaper, a friend. In it will be published the best of the addresses delivered during the year, with the outlines at least of the Lyman Beecher and Nathaniel W. Taylor lectures and all the wealth of the Convocation season. Through it will come messages from the Dean. Usually only such books as will be of interest and practical value to the alumni and students will be reviewed in its columns. In every way the attempt will be made to make it a worthy and effective organ of the life, work and hopes of the School.

Every student should be a subscriber. Only about one-quarter of our graduates are at present on the mailing list, and it is a consummation devoutly to be wished that the QUARTERLY may be supported and enjoyed by everyone. The price is a very modest one; the work, though modest in form, is essentially a great one. We ask the loyal co-operation of all those whose memories lead them back in love and gratitude to this great school of the prophets. May the response be a unanimous one—and prompt!

SCHOOL NOTES.

At the recent 150th anniversary of Brown University the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Dean Brown.

The class elections for the year are as follows:

Senior Class.

President ..... Walter C. Prewitt
Vice-President ..... Floyd A. Shaw
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Clyde E. Pickett

At its first meeting the class elected Henry S. Johnson to the presidency, but on account of ill health he has had to abandon his plans for school work and will spend the year recuperating at his home in Timmonsville, South Carolina.

Middler Class.

President ..... Minard L. Proper
Vice-President ..... Frank E. Davison
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Dumas Malone

Junior Class.

President ..... Roy C. Jacobson
Vice-President ..... Schuyler Pratt
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Emmons E. White

On Wednesday, November 3rd, the Leonard Bacon Debating Society held its first semi-annual election of officers with results as follows:

President ..... Clyde E. Pickett
Vice-President ..... John W. Rahill
Secretary ..... Ray E. Phillips

Honors in the School of Religion awarded for work done in the second semester of the year 1913-14 are as follows:

Fogg Scholarship—Class of 1915, Clarence Reidenbach, B.A. Butler College, 1912, Nineveh, Ind.

Class of 1916, Rodney L. McQuary, B.A. Cotner University 1913, Tecumseh, Neb.; Shosaku Oshima, B.A. Leland Stanford, Jr., University 1913, Numazu, Suruga, Japan.

Allis Scholarship—Class of 1915, Ray Anderson Eusden, B.A. Grinnell College 1912, Marne, Ia.; John Fuller Hall, B.A. Doane College 1909, Omaha, Neb.

Class of 1916, Umetaro Okumura, B.A. Yale University 1913, Honolulu, H. I.

DEAN BROWN ON SCHOOL TOPICS.

The form of the chapel service has been changed to include each Thursday a talk by Dean Brown. Beginning on October 8th he spoke on

"The Fellowship Meeting," explaining its nature for the benefit of the new men.

On October 15th, on the topic "The Use of the Marquand Library," he showed that the great value of this collection and reading room can only be fully gained by the School through close adherence to the simple rules. Observance should be guaranteed by the spirit with which the men enter divinity studies.

"Our Relations to the Rest of the University" was his subject on October 29th. As we believe that the best situation for a divinity school is in connection with a great university we should make the most of the advantages of Yale and enter into the general interests and activities of the University as a whole. We should for no reason be set aside in the common opinion as recluses or queer, but should be men through whom the reputation of the School of Religion and the Christian ministry should only be raised.

On November 5th he spoke on "The Purpose and Use of the General Scholarships." These are given from a limited fund to students who require aid; and should not be misused. The agreement under which the students do in return for the scholarships definite work in churches or Sunday Schools should be considered as binding as any business contract. Half-hearted work and the skipping of meetings reacts upon the reputation of the School; each man should fulfill his obligations with the highest sense of responsibility.

THE ANNUAL PICNIC

The old saw that the "theolog" is a sober, long-faced, be-whiskered book-worm, was forever exploded Wednesday, October 7th. At two o'clock on that eventful day the School of Religion faculty and students, wives included, hied itself off to the sea-shore for its Annual Picnic, and revelled in a riot of sports, songs, eats and speeches. The special car was manned by Motorman Eusden and Conductor St. Clair. The three rear seats (the smoking section) were occupied by the "Barber Shop Melodians."

Immediately upon arriving at the beach everyone repaired to the arena on the hill, where the sports for the next two hours were ably directed by Coach Lovell. "Sky" Pratt won the crab-race; Hines and Dalton the three-legged race; Jacobson the 100-yard dash (?); Professor Tweedy the faculty speed-contest (Professor Sneath coming a fast last); the Juniors the tug-of-war against the Seniors.

Then came the principal attraction of the day—the mortal combat of two picked nines on the base ball field under the experienced leadership of Captains Brown and Tweedy. The former, the invincible, was beaten in a hard battle by poor support. One lady said: "It was the most interesting game I've ever seen." And it surely was exciting. First one team

was ahead; then a tie; then the other forged ahead; and so on until darkness "did us stop" with the score 12 to 8 in favor of the Tweedyites.

"*Supper is ready!*" The ladies meanwhile had not been idle. We fell to with great gusto. And the heaps of sandwiches and bananas and beans and pie and gallons of cocoa all quickly dwindled away, excepting the sandwiches, of which seven basketfuls were gathered up and brought back for John Hall after it was all over. The ladies of our School certainly deserve special thanks for this bounteous repast at the sea-side.

Then came the glorious bon-fire, the presentation of prizes by Dean Brown, and speeches by Messrs. Hall, Griggs, Benedict and Reidenbach and by Professors Weigle, Bailey, Beach and Brown, with Mr. Corn acting as Master of Ceremonies. After singing that most appropriate hymn, "Blest Be The Tie That Binds," and receiving the benediction, we again boarded our car and came back to the School amid the singing of songs and the yelling of yells. Thus ended the tenth annual picnic. It was a splendid day. But O, how stiff and sore we were the day after!

The Hartford Theological Seminary challenged our students to meet them in a tennis tournament this Fall. Messrs. Rahill, Clark-Duff, McCartney and Jacobson represented Yale in the tournament which was held at Hartford Saturday, October 31st. Yale lost both matches of doubles and all but one match in singles. The final score was 10 to 3 in favor of Hartford. Our men report a very good time both on the courts and in the dining-room, where they easily held their own.

ALUMNI NOTES

Ex-'54—Stephen D. Peet, Christian minister, editor and scholar, died on May 24th at his daughter's home in Northampton, Mass., at the age of eighty-three. His father, Stephen D. Peet, established fifty-two Congregational churches in Wisconsin, founded Beloit College and actively assisted in founding Rockford College and Chicago Theological Seminary. Stephen Peet, his son, graduated from Beloit in 1851 and received his theological training at Yale and Andover. For forty years he served the Congregational churches in Wisconsin, Ohio and Illinois. His most active ministry was in Ashtabula, O., but the missionary spirit consecrated his entire work. The Wisconsin Indians early attracted his intellectual and religious interest, and he became known on both sides of the Atlantic as an authority in this field. He wrote "The Mound Builders," "The Cliff Dwellers," "Myths and Symbols," "Ancient Monuments and Ruined Cities." Dr. Peet started and for thirty-two years was sole editor of *The American Antiquarian*, the pioneer American journal in Archæology. He was a member of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain, The Society of Biblical Archæology, American Ori-

ental Society and others. His life was an inspiring combination of apostolic fervor and scholarship.

1875—F. B. Pullman has accepted a call to River Edge, N. J., and will take up the work May 1.

1876—R. R. Kendall has gone from Woodstock, Conn., to take the work at Sandwich, Mass.

1889—D. A. Walker has resigned at West Andover, Mass., on account of his health. His address is now 105 Hancock Street, Auburndale, Mass.

F. K. Sanders, President of Washburn College, Topeka, Kan., is to be director of the Board of Missionary Preparation, New York City.

1894—H. C. Meserve, of the First Congregational Church of Danbury, has accepted the call to the Presbyterian Church at Rye, N. J.

A. F. Fehland of Lakota, N. D., has accepted the chair of Economics and Sociology in Ripon College, Wis.

1897—C. C. Merrill, Apportionment Secretary of the National Council, is now New England Secretary of the Layman's Missionary Movement and is in charge of the United Missionary Campaign conferences. His office is in the Congregational House, Boston, Mass.

1898—Chester Ferris, who was married the first day of January last to Miss Oakey, is now located at 1416 Ridge Way, Los Angeles, Cal., having taken the pastorate of the Park Church in that place September 1.

1903—R. R. Harwell, who was at Sherman, Texas, is back in New Haven doing some work in the University.

1904—J. L. Cross was ordained at Fitchburg, Mass., October 1. President M. L. Burton preached the sermon.

Ernest G. Gutherie of the First Church at Burlington, Vt., has gone to the Union Church at Boston.

1905—G. H. Driver, of the First Church at Exeter, N. H, was married on April 25 to Miss Helen P. Bell.

Born at Worcester, Mass., August 31, a son, Charles Gordon Holton, to Mr. and Mrs. Horace F. Holton, of the first Congregational Church.

1906—J. N. Pierce, of the Second Congregational Church of Dorchester, Mass., was ordained on June 2. The sermon was delivered by A. Z. Conrad, D.D.

1907—C. M. Good, who was at Rosedale, Wis., is now serving the church at Downs, Kan.

1909—C. R. Watkins has gone from Durham, Conn., to Westbrook.

1910—C. W. Coulter has resigned at Derby, Conn., and after December 15 will engage in academical work.
J. J. McClelland is now Assistant Pastor of the United Congregational Church in New Haven.
Clifford G. Thompson is now Professor of Philosophy in Central College, Fayette, Mo.

1911—Mayer Oakes, S. R., of Stoughton, is now at the First Congregational Church at Hadley, Mass.
F. M. Timberlake, of Middlefield, Conn., is now Director of Religious Education at Dwight Place, New Haven.
C. Sturges Ball is now located at 254 E. Patterson Street, Lansford, Pa.

1913—Rev. E. David Akers has accepted the call to the associate pastorship of the Fairfield (Conn.) Congregational Church. He is also in charge of Faith Chapel, in West Bridgeport. His address is 16 North Avenue Extension, Bridgeport, Conn.
Bryant Wilson, who has been since graduating the Assistant Pastor of the First Baptist Church at Pasadena, Cal., was married to Miss Grace Rose Jones of Berkeley on July 16, and has now accepted the pastorate of the Emmanual Baptist Church of Long Beach.
Charles W. Burton was married to Miss Emma May Walker of Atlanta on June 1.
Herbert A. Sawyer is now at New Hope, Pa.
Roy C. Helfenstein is abroad this year.
Leslie William Baker, after spending the summer abroad, has lately returned to Australia.
Elmer Wallace King Mould has returned to this country and given up his fellowship on account of the European War.

1914—J. W. Newton was ordained at Orange, Conn., April 29. He has now returned to England.
T. R. Von der Sump is at Agawam, Mass.
M. D. Merchant, who is located at Blandford, Mass., was ordained June 3. Dean Brown preached the sermon.
H. A. Arnold, who is at Haverhill, Mass., was ordained September 15. Dean Brown was the preacher for the service.
John Clark Archer is Assistant Pastor at Brockton, Mass., and is studying in Harvard.
Marvin R. Brandt is still Pastor at Shelton Avenue Congregational Church.
Vernon W. Cooke, after spending the summer abroad, is Pastor at the Second Congregational Church, Derby, Conn.
David Dunn is studying in Edinburgh, Scotland.
William C. Judd is still at Cheshire.

Frederick E. Lee is a student in the Graduate School.
Mimms William Lee is Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Richmond, Virginia.
Andrew Leitch is Pastor at Avon and studying in the Graduate School.
Fred Allan MacDonald has just been called from Chester, Mass., to Westerly, R. I.
W. H. McLain is State Bible School Secretary for the Disciples of Ohio.
Reinhold Niebuhr has returned to Yale to do graduate work.
Leslie Harold Perdriau is Pastor of the Third Congregational Church at Waterbury.
Henry Martin Peterson is still at Branford and studying in Yale.
Arthur Blaine Robertson is Pastor at Ashland, O.
Hubert Claude Townley is located at Ostego, Mich.
Thomas Yoeman Williams is still at Trumbull and studying in Yale.
John Wesley Wright was ordained in Killingly, Conn., on October 8. Professor Tweedy preached the sermon.

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